

COUNTY NEWS ITEMS

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE NEWS GATHERED BY THE LIVE WIRES OF THE CUR- RENT.

KNOWLES GLEANINGS.

Bert Weir was one of the noble boys who called in Knowles a few days ago, yes, always welcome.

W. H. Birdwell the Gaines county cow man was a visitor in town a day or two ago, speculating on the price of cows.

Ranchero Roberson, from the caprock near Clark's Gap, moved to Knowles last week, for the benefit of Mrs. Roberson's health.

Monroe Cloudt and Ferdinand Nemeyer, cowmen from the Southern Zone, were arrivals in Knowles some days ago, and they did what they pleased said what they thought, and bought what they wanted, and returned to from whence they came.

Top heard had another bunch of prospectors in Knowles last Friday, having a look, trying to find something that exactly suited their taste.

Wagoner Hardin went to Seminole last week and brought in a Ford rambler for ranch use last Thursday.

The Breckon fruit wagon was in town again the other day, and, believe me, they started something when they began dishing out the fine red peaches.

Jimmy Roberts came in from his caprock ranch last Friday, speculating on futures, and doing business, shipshape.

Doc L. C. Reenan, of Plains, Texas, was in town on important business the other day.

Henry Eaves and Frank Mabin, returned from their vacation visiting their folks at Rotan, Texas, last Thursday.

Ben Smith the prosperous ranchero from the north-west came in to see how the Knowles delegation was getting along last Friday, and returned home when he felt like it.

Chas. Miller, went to Texas last Friday to have a look at a hundred white face three year old heifers, may-be-so-buy.

Mrs. John Royal of the Thornhill section was right in the middle of the town shopping the other day.

It is reported that Earl Huston sold Elbert Shipp a hundred head of fine cows last week. Price not stated.

A. J. Todd, the veteran tonsorial artist, took charge of that line of business in Knowles July 1st.

Dave Willhoit installed "hissuf" at the stock exchange as general manager a few days ago and will no doubt hustle up some business in that capacity.

Mr. and Mrs. Nay Stiles came over from their ranch forty miles west of us, to see if the Knowles people can do any dancing.

Mr. L. Daugherty, mother and sister, came to town last Saturday, visiting old time friends.

Mrs. Tom Ross of Seminole, Texas, was a welcome visitor in Knowles last Saturday.

Mrs. J. E. Weir came in from the ranch west of Monument last Friday and visited her friends and took in the dance.

Mrs. Fred Nyeyer came in from the ranch in the big hip, last Friday, bringing in a load of ladies, showing them the scenery and a good dance.

Mrs. Baxter Culp came to town Friday afternoon. She says she just came in to take care of Baxter, for she had some misgivings about his getting lost in the push.

Liberty Bell, of the lower district, made his appearance here last Friday, and rang out the rhymes, until they faded away in the night air, well on toward the rising sun.

Jim Love was finally induced (for the price) to bring over the collective native sons of Montezuma, last Saturday morn, and since they were abundantly supplied with Smokeys, Ne one was at all inclined to shun them, and of course their wants were promptly attended to, according to their instructions.

Colonel Frank Hardin our neighbor just east of us, was constrained to take in the Monument picnic with his family last Saturday, and of course since the Colonel is a whole show within himself, there was no doubt about the whole bunch having "a time".

Mrs. A. A. Andrews was in town from the ranch a few miles north, the other day, trading and picking up a few of the topics of the day.

Damon Ship was in from the Line ranch last Friday, to take part in the big dance, returned home tickled to death. His report is, can scarcely wait for the next one to be pulled off.

celebrate every Fourth, that comes his way, for he states he won't be able to celebrate over forty or fifty more of them, therefore, don't want to let any of them get away.

Nat Roberts took a car load of gay celebrators to the Monument picnic last Saturday. Said they were going to start something just as soon as they arrived there—the barbecue.

Captain Emerson made a trip over across the line last Saturday morning, presumably buying about 10 or 15 sections of Texas land—perhaps.

Captain Stringer of Midland, passed through town a few days ago, returning home with a fine stallion, which he was invited to bring out to the country west of us, with the assurance of a trade which, however, was passed up, the trouble of the trip being lost sight of, and the merits of the horse unseen. Cap. says makes no difference, the price of the horse has raised, loomix.

Ernest Best the inspector accompanied by the sheriff of Yoakum county, Texas, made a night call to this burr last Thursday, looking for some one hard to find.

The shortage prevailing in U. S. bank notes in this vicinity came to an abrupt halt last week—hope the

strings won't tighten again for a long time.

Jim Williams, who had such a hard tussle with the typhoid pneumonia, for several weeks, is out and up to his usual stunts in the cow line.

The Kink candy man was amongst the bunch the other day, spreading fragrance and sweetness as he went.

Eight loaded wagons all bailed up for half day on the big sand road on account of a break-down, where there was no way of passing, even the mail car being delayed for several hours.

Judge Garrett was in town for several days during the past week, attending to special official business.

That tremendous bunch of thunder and lightning had the hull lunch bluffed here last week but the promised showers were steered off to some other clime.

Chas. Loyd the dead game sport from the west, was an appreciated visitor in Knowles town the other day, doing the pleasing stunts.

Dr. Middleton is now installed in his new quarters, on the hill, and is awaiting for those who may be looking for him. He says he is always ready to serve the people who may desire his services.

An argument pulled off on the street, when the mercury runs high, is never very satisfactory to either side, and besides after it's over, no one can recollect anything at all about it.

W. G. Woerner made a hurry-up trip to Lovington last Friday, for God only knows what, but he returned in a couple of hours, and wasn't skinned up a bit.

A real picnic and barbecue was pulled off at the Coleman Grove southwest of town last Sunday, everybody taking part, and celebrating to the utmost of their ability. Yes, a bunch of folks from everywhere and all having a good time, by pulling off all kinds of stunts.

Mrs. Rodgers, sister of Clabe Kyle, was here visiting and enjoying the plain's breezes. She is from Austin, Texas.

Judging from the number of participants, the big dance last Friday night was certainly a pronounced success. Everybody, even unto the dogs, was there and at least took a "look in" if they were unable to reel in.

From one to two picnics every day from last Friday until Tuesday, in the community, looks like prosperity has overtaken this part of the country—folks that had never been heard of and had never been seen taking part and thoroughly enjoying themselves—getting together generally.

MALAGA ITEMS.

Mr. Hostler has gone to California to take in the exposition.

C. P. Cochran is here visiting at the home of his niece, Mrs. Clyde Egbert.

Miss Cleveland from Chicago, is visiting her father, George Cleveland, and her brother, Robert, on their homestead southeast of Malaga.

A. A. Beeman and family are here from Elida, N. M., visiting his brother, C. W. Beeman and family, and other relatives in the valley. They made the trip in their car.

Mr. Black's family and Mr. Sherman's family, were visited by their cousins last week. They are taking a trip through the country and camping, having been to California, and are on their way home so we are told.

The J. A. Harshorn family are camping over to upper Hagerman ranch and drove over to spend the Fourth here at the Malaga picnic.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joel Franklin on July Fourth a fine ten pound boy.

The glorious Fourth was celebrated at Red Bluff this year.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Barnett were the host and hostess of a Fourth of July gathering of a few of their friends and relatives.

The table was laid with everything good to eat. They had a fish fry, ice cream, pop and altogether too many things to mention.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Finley and family, Griff Finley, Mrs. Lee Barnett and son and daughter, R. D. Bruce and family, and Will Griffin, Mrs. A. R. Plowman. All had a fine time and hope to meet with Mr. and Mrs. Barnett again.

Miss Mollie Murray of Carlsbad visited at the home of John Reid and family, to enjoy the picnic.

A party was held at the Gerlach home the evening of the 5th, a good number were present, and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Misses Jessie and Anna May Donaldson were up from Red Bluff to spend a few days at to attend the Fourth of July picnic.

C. R. Helm was a Carlsbad visitor Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Eugene Donaldson and son, Clyde, were up from Red Bluff to enjoy the picnic on Monday.

The Fourth of July was celebrated here on Monday with a basket dinner, barbecue and lots of good things to eat. The morning was cloudy, but it soon cleared and couldn't have had a nicer day. A big crowd was there and they kept coming all the afternoon.

Had a foot ball game between the Hagerman ranch boys and Malaga. The score was in favor of the Hagerman ranch boys. They had races of different kinds which caused lots of fun and a good time generally.

Twenty gallons of ice cream and the same of lemonade was there for beef was the first we have ever tasted, who ever wanted it. The barbecue We hope to have more of these good times.

NADINE.

W. C. Grimes and Mr. Kimball are gone to the Sacramento mountains for fence posts.

Mrs. C. K. Auburg is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Cook, and family, of Austin, Texas.

Tom Houston is home from Lamosa, Texas, to spend ten days with home folk.

Mrs. Jim Baker and children from Carlsbad are spending a while with her father, Mr. Glascock.

Miss Jewel Houston visited her sister, Mrs. Earl Hardin of Monument several days this week.

Mrs. J. H. Hughes and Mary Williams went to Carlsbad Thursday, Mrs. Williams will attend the Institute.

The storm Saturday night did quite a good deal of damage at Nadine. Several adobe houses were blown down. No one was hurt except Mrs. W. R. Owen and two children. The former has been under medical treatment and not able to be about. We hope for her a speedy recovery.

Albert Cook, Chas. Auburg and Henry Haynes all motored over to the mountains this week on a prospecting tour.

Lum Daugherty went to Midland, Texas, Wednesday.

Jim Fletcher and family are here visiting his parents and other relatives.

Miss Samantha Bilbrey will attend the Institute at Carlsbad.

A. M. Larkin returned from Carlsbad Tuesday.

The Nadine country had a fine rain Saturday night. East of us on the Texas side they had a big hail which destroyed everything in its path.

ARTESIA.

From the News.
Dr. C. W. Williams has purchased a new six-cylinder, seven passenger Overland car.

F. E. Hubert and family were in town Saturday and Sunday from Oriental. Mr. Hubert is manager of the National Plaster Co. at that place.

Rev. J. C. Gage has sold the Gage hotel to Walter Pendleton, a retired cowman of Carlsbad. J. W. Ridgeway is the new manager, taking charge of the place the first of the month.

Will Reed, Jr., came up from Carlsbad Monday morning and went out to Hope to visit the celebration.

Judge J. W. Dauron and Feris Heath editor of the Progress, were among the Lakewood visitors who came to Artesia Friday afternoon to take in the carnival.

Ed. Howell thinks that getting ready for Fourth of July celebrations at Hope is a strenuous business. He furnished 1,000 loaves of bread to the Hope people for their barbecue. One hundred and fifty gallons of ice cream was shipped from Artesia.

EUNICE.

From the Democrat.
Some men are already talking of running for county office next year. There is no doubt of there being a full crop at the proper time, and we hope to see the eastern part of the county represented in the scramble.

Rev. Mr. Vermillion, who will assist in the Baptist meeting beginning at Monument the 16th is the pastor of the Baptist church at Las Cruces, N. M.

Wm. G. Mac Arthur has sold his land holdings to Earl Hardin but the Commissioner's office is to remain at Monument.

The picnic at Tom Pendleton's ranch was all that could be expected. The amusement was fine and there was plenty of good things to eat.

The electrical storm Saturday night destroyed fruit and crops near Knowles, Hobbs, Nadine and Elipso. Hail killed rabbits by the dozen and a few calves.

Hail Tuesday destroyed all the Carter garden, Crenshaw's crop and wind blew King's shed over and wasted quite a few peaches.

Lightning killed a mare for D. B. King and two steers for Speed the same day.

BAD LUCK FOR LINDLEY.

—Eunice Democrat.
When J. Lindley of Monument started south Friday morning he left several dishonored checks in the hands of innocent parties around Monument; his filing had been turned down, and the whole world looked dark to this strange family in a strange land.

When MacArthur returned home from Lovington and heard that Lindley had departed he immediately picked up constable Burk and his car "highed" to Eunice arriving just ahead of Lindley. Complaint was made before J. C. Estlack and Lindley was taken back to Monument that night in the car in charge of Burk and MacArthur.

A message from the Abilene bank next morning stated that Lindley had money there to cover the checks and he was given his liberty. Lindley made the mistake of checking against open account instead of against a letter of credit given him by the bank.

Mr. Lindley and family are stopping at Eunice where he is on a trade for the Reeder place east of town.

Clever Pickpocket.

"Just to illustrate how clever pickpockets are," said a police official, "let me tell you of an incident which occurred one night while I was behind the desk. A young fellow came in and complained that his pocket had been picked while riding on a surface car. He had a wallet in his inside pocket in which was some money in bills. The car was crowded, he couldn't get a seat, and occasionally he reached up and held on to a strap. On one of these occasions a pickpocket extracted the wallet from his inside pocket, took the money out, slipped a folded newspaper into the wallet and put the wallet back in the victim's pocket. Can you beat that?" New York Sun.

He Took It.

"I'll not take No. 10 for an answer, Miss Bunker-Frischlin," he declared bravely as he persistently pressed his suit.

"Then, sir," replied the cold and cultured Boston girl, rising proudly to the occasion. "Will you in lieu of that much longed-for negative assertion, would you positively declare to me, on oath, that you are not a pickpocket?"

And he did. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

GOOD ROADS AND JITNEY BUS

Operation of Such Vehicles Demands Improved Highways.

INFLUENCE IS BEING FELT.

With Roads Provided There Will Be Quick and Reasonably Cheap Connection For the Farmer and Steam Railroads Through Self Propelled Vehicles.

Why is the jitney bus? says the Manufacturers Record. To what will it lead? Starting a few months ago in the far west in more or less competition with the service of traction lines, the jitney bus has moved rapidly across the country and, appearing in different localities almost simultaneously, has begun to attract the serious attention of the management of street railways. Investors and municipal authorities alert to any possibility of increasing public revenues through the granting of public service franchises. It seems to be something more substantial than a fad. To buy and operate a single jitney bus or to adapt some other motor vehicle to its purpose calls for a certain amount of capital to be invested with no certainty of continued and increasing profit.

Whatever the inspiration may be, it is quite evident that in some localities at least there has been a distinct demand for the jitney bus, either because of the absence of other means of quick transportation or because of inadequacy of existing means. The greater freedom of action of the self propelled vehicle and its ability to operate easily where it would be difficult for conventional passenger service to be profitable are certainly points in its favor and suggest that street car companies might make no mistake in adopting and adapting the jitney bus as auxiliary to their own service, making it a feeder to their own lines, especially in suburban sections. Even in some large cities foresight in acquiring franchises covering all possible routes or wisdom in approaching the same end more directly by the acquisition into one management of many lines has left stretches of considerable territory in which there is no such public service. In the case of suburban extension, where frequently the returns on the investment are not proportionately as great as in the city, in spite of the relatively higher rate of fares, there ought to be abundant opportunities for the utilization of the jitney as auxiliary.

This brings the thought to a wider range of use for the self propelled vehicle in both passenger and freight service as a feeder to steam railroads. In the south, for instance, there are 93,500 miles of railroads, an average of something less than one mile for every ten square miles of territory. The average in New England is one mile of railroad for every seven square miles of territory. Since 1880 the south has built railroad mileage sufficient to bring its total to a greater aggregate length than the length of all the railroads in the country in that year. For the full development of the south its transportation facilities should be made at least to equal those of New England and to give it about 131,000 miles of railroad. Even with that equipment it would be vast tracts in the south without railway facilities, but capable of supporting quite a dense population engaged in producing in mining, lumbering and agriculture enormous traffic for transportation companies. The transportation electric lines may be expected to accelerate the proper settlement of these tracts, but even in that event the needed facilities will not be complete and the population will be obliged to depend upon country roads.

In the past ten years there has been notable activity in the south in the construction of improved highways, both trunk lines and laterals. But a vast amount of work of the kind is still to be done before there shall be an adequate system of public highways networking the south. Nothing probably could give a greater impetus to the completion of the system than consideration of the conveniences offered by the automobile, the motorbus and the motortruck to farming communities, for the profitable operation of such vehicles demands first class roads. With the roads provided, the quick and reasonably cheap connection of the farmer's front gate with the steam railroad, the linking of the farm with its markets, will be afforded by the self propelled vehicle, which already is doing effective work at many points where the chance for it exists.



A JITNEY BUS.

TAINTED POLITICS

By Peter Radford.

This country is suffering more from tainted politics than from any other malady at the present time. There is scarcely a campaign speech made, a platform demand written or a measure enacted into law that does not carry the taint of personal gain of some politician or political faction thereof.

There is more "blue sky" in campaign promises of many politicians running for office than was ever contained in the prospectuses of the bold est promoters of chimerical business schemes. There are more secret combinations formed by politicians in the name of "My Country" than were ever formed under any and all other aliases. There are more political rebates hidden in the phrase "Be it enacted" than were ever concealed under any and all other disguises.

The inordinate thirst for political power and unrestrained passion for mastery has caused more distress in this nation than the greed for gold and it ought to be regulated by law. No business combination ever pursued their competitors as relentlessly or visited more heartless cruelty upon their customers than a political party that seeks to make junk of an industry, or cripple a business for party success, through tariff measures, political supervision and oftentimes destructive legislation. Many political platforms are as alluring to the voter as the story of the rainbow with its pot of gold and their consumption about as far-fetched. It is the first law in politics. There are many men in office today who, if they could not shake plums off the tree of American liberty or cut a melon taken from Uncle Sam's commissary, would have less desire to serve the public.

The country is suffering with patriots, who will bare their breast to bullets in defense of their country, but there are few men in public life who will bare their breast to voters or run the gauntlet of party disfavor in defense of agriculture or industry. No representative of the people, who will permit personal prejudice to detract from justice, party success to disfranchise reason or the rancor of a political campaign to influence judgment can render capable service.

The preservation of our prosperity depends upon wisdom, courage and honesty in government, and the American voter should seek these attributes as implicitly as the Wise Men followed the Star of Bethlehem and they will often be found to rest over the stable; the plow or the staff of the Shepherd. The surest cure for tainted politics and machine rule is fresh air and sunshine and these important elements are most abundant upon the farm, and when farmers, bankers and merchants are elected to membership in legislative bodies, much of the trouble in government will disappear.

WATERED SECURITIES

By Peter Radford.

Much has been said and more written about the evils of watered stock in big business concerns and the farmers of this nation believe that every dollar written into the life of any business organization, should be able to say "I know that my Redeemer liveth," but farming is the biggest business on earth, and there is more water in its financial transaction than that of any other industry. There is as much water in a farmer's note-drawing eight or ten per cent interest when other lines of industry secure money for four or five per cent per annum, as there is in a business paying a reasonable compensation upon the face value of securities representing an investment of only fifty cents on the dollar. The only difference is, the water in the interest rate is one instance and in the securities in the other.

The promoter oftentimes takes chances and his success is contingent upon the development of the property involved but the farmer, as a rule, takes no chances and his success cripples the property involved. There may be industries that cry louder but none that suffer more severely from financial immorality in both law and custom than that of agriculture.

The farmers of America today are paying \$200,000,000 per annum in usury on real estate and chattel loans, and this interest capitalized at five per cent, represents \$4,000,000,000 of fictitious values which the farmer is paying interest on. This sum of money is almost equal to the annual value of crops produced in the United States.

The earning power of the farmer's note based upon his interest rate very nearly divides like the earth's surface—three-fourths water and one-fourth land. The largest body of water that floats upon the financial hemisphere now rests upon the farms and its waves are dashing and its billows are rolling against seven million homes threatening ruin and disaster to the prosperity of the nation. Will our public servants who understand how to drain the liquid off industrial properties turn the faucet and let the water off the farms?

It is an admitted economic fact that there can be no permanent prosperity without a permanent agriculture.

Full Moons.

The period from one full moon to another is 29 days 12 hours and 44 minutes.

Christian & Co., INSURANCE.

Colds

should be "nipped in the bud", for if allowed to run unchecked, serious results may follow. Numerous cases of consumption, pneumonia, and other fatal diseases, can be traced back to a cold. At the first sign of a cold, protect yourself by thoroughly cleansing your system with a few doses of

THEDFORD'S BLACK- DRAUGHT

the old reliable, vegetable liver powder.

Mr. Chas. A. Ragland, of Madison Heights, Va., says: "I have been using Theford's Black-Draught for stomach troubles, indigestion and colds, and find it to be the very best medicine I ever used. It makes an old man feel like a young one." Insist on Theford's, the original and genuine. E-67

The Human Face.

Rosa Bonheur, the great painter of animals, had a system of mnemonics which was exceedingly quaint. She could trace in the faces of those people who visited her a resemblance to some sort of animal. For instance, if some one reminded her of a certain lady she would probably hesitate for a moment and then say, "Oh, yes, the lady with the camel face" or "Oh, I remember she had a cow face." This memory system was not flattering to her friends but it showed how saturated she was with a knowledge of animals and their characteristics. On every human face she found a likeness to some animal she had studied and delineated.

Being Old at Forty.

Few men need to be old at forty unless they choose. In a large measure it is an optional matter. If one keeps his nose to the grindstone of business, eats too much, indulges himself too freely, gets no physical exercise and takes his business cares home and to bed with him every night he is pretty likely to be too old when he becomes forty. The suggestion that a man or woman is old at forty ought to be absurd. That it is not absurd is something of a reflection upon that portion of us who because we are unwilling to take a little trouble, are actually bringing on age at forty—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Chicken.

Lady are you married?—Do you know I find it quite hard to remember my new name? Her Friend—Naturally, dear. You had the old one so long, you know.—The Detroit Free Press.

J. M. DILLARD

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